

THE RURAL REPOSITORY

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

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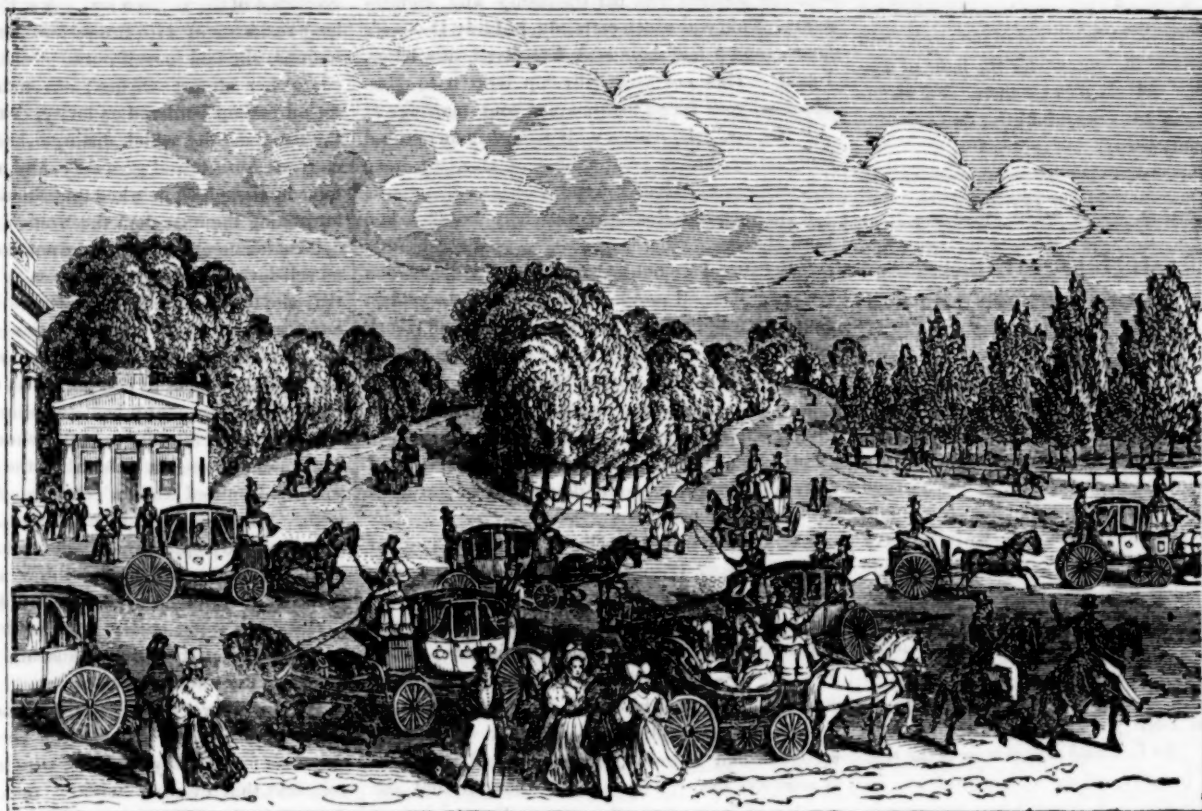
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HYDE PARK, LONDON.



"The Park," as St. James' Park was formerly most usually termed, was a very favorite resort during the latter part of the seventeenth and the greater portion of the eighteenth centuries. Kensington Gardens, on the west side of Hyde Park, began to divide attention with it, as London spread westward: but from the reign of Charles II. to that of George II. the fashionables who walked in the "Park" came not from Grosvenor or Berkeley Squares or Portland Place, but from the Strand and Fleet Street, from Holborn, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Bow Street. "No frost, snow, nor east wind can hinder a large set of people from going to the Park in February, no dust nor heat in June." Gay in his *Trivia*, says (1712)

"The ladies gaily dressed, the mall adorn
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn."

"The Park is the usual place of exercise in a morning for fine gentlemen and ladies, who resort thither to see and be seen; and the Mall is one of the finest gravel walks in Europe." The Mall was constructed by Charles II. for the purpose of playing a favorite game, which was performed with a ball and a club called a mall.

Hyde Park was also a favorite resort; but lying quite exterior to London, fields intervening between

it and the metropolis, it was frequented by the fashionable people in their then clumsily constructed coaches, and by the bulk of the people on foot; each class being often drawn to it by the reviews and sports of which it was frequently the scene. The fashionable district at the extreme end of Piccadilly (on the east side of Hyde Park) preserves in its name, "Mayfair," a memorial of the time when the site was a field, and annually, in the month of May, a fair, surpassing even Bartholomew fair in rough sports and rude pastimes, was held in it.

To see Hyde Park at the present day, in its full glory, we must select a fine dry Sunday in that "season."

"Whanne that April with his shoures sote,
The droughte of March hath pierced to the rote."

At such a time the "town" is generally full; every house in every fashionable street and square is occupied; and west end hotel keepers are protesting, with politest asseveration, that they can accommodate no more. Passing along Oxford Street, we may remark the striking contrast which the street presents with the scene we are about to witness. Shops are all shut and business is suspended, except the business of omnibus men,

chemists and pastry cooks. How dry and comfortable for walking is the long length of pavement, when compared with its state of almost intolerable moisture and mud in winter!

Arriving at Hyde Park about four o'clock, and entering by Cumberland Gate, we cross the carriage road, and having gained the green sward, we may either take possession of a seat, if there is room, or standing, walking, or leaning over the rail, watch the spectacle which has now commenced. The throng of carriages and horses seems to increase every minute. The stream flows in a circle—yet it is a long time before we remark again the same carriages and the same faces. How gracefully these ladies manage their palfreys! and the servants on horseback behind, by what kind of instinct is it, that, even in the crowd, they contrive to preserve the true medium distance? Look at this chariot—one amongst a hundred. The London coach-maker points, with an eye of triumph, to its general outline, and its equipments in detail, and asks if such handsome vehicles can be made any where out of the metropolis—the very hammercloth has been chosen with a view to complete the picture, for see how beautifully it harmonises with the color of the vehicle, and the

coachman's livery! And the horses too—noble animals!—do they not seem proudly conscious of belonging to

“people of rank,
Who have jewels, and rings, and cash in the bank?”

It is now upwards of five o'clock, and the throng in Hyde Park is at its height. Dukes, merchants, barristers, and bankers are all intermingled; “parliament men” on horseback—for Sunday is a “dies non” in the senate—bow to ladies whose figures and complexion make Frenchmen and Prussians talk with rapture of the “beauties of England;” tall footmen, shining in scarlet and lace, exchange knowing looks with smart diminutive “tigers” in frock coats and top boots, who cling behind bachelor-looking cabriolets. By and by an occasional carriage may be seen to break out of the circle, and disappear by one of the gates—for the hour of dinner draws nigh. At six o'clock there is a visible declension in the numbers; and after that time the bustle dies rapidly away.

TALES.

The Mysterious Stranger.

A TALE OF PASSION, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MRS. AMELIA OPIE.

[Continued.]

We were soon after summoned on board, as the wind was again favourable; and after a short passage we found ourselves in Portugal. To be brief; my friend was united to Mrs. Macdonald very soon after we reached Lisbon, by an English clergyman, chaplain to the factory there. I, with a heavy heart, witnessed the ceremony; nor could I behold without the greatest pain the excessive agitation, and the coldness almost amounting to aversion, which every speaking look of the trembling bride evinced. Yet if ever there was a man formed to inspire love, and possessed of every qualification to retain it when once inspired, such a man was Lord D—. His face and person were of the first order of manly beauty, and in temper and attainments of various kinds, I never knew his equal; yet it seemed to me, that the woman to whom he was about to confide his honor and his happiness gave him her hand almost with loathing and terror, and seemed to consider herself as a devoted victim rather than a happy bride. But the bridegroom, wholly blinded by passion, saw nothing but the proper modesty of the sex in the behaviour of that unaccountable being; and his happiness was as great as my anxiety. I hate national prejudices, and it has always been the study of my life to conquer mine; but now in spite of myself, my old aversion to the Scotch nation returned, and I thought of Catharine Nairn, who was privy to the murder of her husband, till I felt my prejudices against Scotch women get ahead of me with frightful strength. And the new Lady D— was born a St. Clair, and married to a Macdonald! and her first husband had died suddenly! He had also been an unfaithful and bad husband, and his death ought to have been a relief to her, it seemed! Yet she was not only wretched beyond any hope, she said, of ever being happy again but had evidently a weight upon her mind; a weight that sorrow only could not create. It cannot be supposed that, as these suspicions were uppermost in my mind, they did not show themselves on my countenance;

and I soon perceived that Lady D— observed and understood the character of the looks I gave her; and that she watched me as much as I watched her. It at length occurred to me, that I would try to find out whether Mrs. M—, the banker's wife, was a respectable woman, and her testimony worth credit. Accordingly I wrote to a friend in London, to inquire concerning her, without naming my patron's marriage, because to say the truth, I was ashamed of it, and I received an answer which satisfied my mind in some measure; for it stated that Mrs. M— was one of the best and first of women, and so rigid in her ideas, that no woman, but of the most unblemished character could be honored with her friendship and countenance. This was much certainly, in Lady D—'s favor; and a few days after I received this letter, I said, “Has not your ladyship written to Mrs. M—, your friend to announce your marriage?”

“No, sir,” she replied with great vehemence and indignation, but in great confusion also, “I have not written, nor shall I write.”

“No? dearest Rosabel! and why not?” asked Lord D—.

“Because I do not feel any friendly disposition towards Mrs. M—. She has always spoken disrespectfully, of my poor husband; and I ask you, Lord D—, if you could ever have treated and considered as a friend the person who had spoken irreverently and unjustly of the wife whom you regretted?”

“Oh! certainly not,” replied Lord D—, “I enter into the feeling—and do not any longer wonder at your silence.”

I said nothing, but I believe I looked a great deal; for Lady D—'s eyes regarded me with peculiar fierceness. What she had said might be fine sentiment and delicate feeling, but I thought it contrary both to gratitude and justice; for, if Mrs. M— resented as a friend Colonel Macdonald's ill-usage of his wife, that wife ought at least to feel grateful for the severity of animadversion which however, erroneous, had its origin in kindness towards her; and I thought that she was bound in justice and proper feeling to impart to Mrs. M— the good fortune which had befallen her. I did not, however, utter what I thought; but I could not help saying, “And have you written, madam, neither to friends nor relations to announce your change of situation?”

“I have told you before, sir,” she replied very pettishly, “that I have no relations except distant branches of the St. Clairs, who perhaps never heard of me; and as to my friends, all recollection of, and all connexion with my native country is so painful to me, that I wish to be as one who exists not, to all who have ever known me; and most truly can I now say,” looking with seducing tenderness on her husband, “that this room contains the whole world to me, and here all my wishes centre.”

The woman who spoke thus was young and beautiful beyond the power of description, and the man to whom she spoke was young also, an idolater of beauty, and of feelings the most impassioned and affectionate. It was, impossible, therefore, for him not to think all his bride uttered or did, was “wisest, virtuous, discreet, best;” and the delusion he was under seemed to render him so happy, that I sighed almost with envy, while I felt how impossible it was for me to be so deluded,

Yet still it was to me inconceivable that Lord D— did not feel wonder, if nothing more, at Lady D—'s neither writing nor receiving letters of any kind; but he had no suspicions, and it was not my duty to give him even a hint of mine.

After travelling some time, it was resolved that we should take up our residence for several months at Lausanne, and thence proceed to Marseilles.

While we were at Lausanne, Lady D— was prevailed upon to mix occasionally in the society there; but not, I observed, till she had fully ascertained the names of those whom she was either to meet or to receive. In these societies, which consisted of the natives and a few English families long residents at Lausanne, and foreigners of all nations, she laid herself out to please, and succeeded to her utmost wishes; not that her manner for an instant bordered on levity, or that she forgot the usual dignity which distinguished her; but she conversed much and generally, and on a variety of topics; though I remarked that she was more popular among the men than the women; as the latter, spite of her complaisance, were not slow to discover, as self-love has great quickness of discernment, that she felt them to be her inferiors in the scale of creation; and that with the other sex only could she converse on equal terms. She was sometimes also prevailed upon to join parties on the lake; and when she did so, many boats were in the habit of following ours, in order to catch some of the fine and touching tones which, when the lake was still, this highly-gifted woman condescended to breathe forth. In singing the plaintive airs of her country, she was in my opinion unrivalled; and the appropriate expression which she threw into her face while singing, added to the effect of her voice.

But these water parties were suddenly put a stop to, and our departure from Lausanne hastened by the following circumstance:

We were rowing along the lake one day, in a party consisting of about eight persons, besides ourselves; and Lady D—, who usually wore a veil, was that evening without one, as she had dropped in the water the one she had worn when she left the house, while entering the boat, and had therefore given it to one of the servants in attendance to be carried home again. She was this evening unusually animated; when suddenly I saw her countenance change, and her hand applied to her hat in order to pull down her veil; but finding she sought it in vain, she applied her handkerchief to her face; and, as I followed the direction of her eyes, I saw them fixed on a boat which had just passed us *à la rame*, and in which was a young lady singing.

“Who are those?” said Lord D— to a Swiss gentleman. “A family, I believe,” he replied, “just come from Scotland; and with them is a Miss Buchanan, who is at this moment singing, and sings I am told like an angel,—that is almost as well as Lady D—.”

“Indeed!” cried Lord D— smiling, “I wish I could hear her. I should like to hear a lady who sings almost as well as Lady D—; and as they are resting on their oars, our rowers may easily overtake them.”

“Not for the world,” exclaimed Lady D—; “pray let us turn about instantly, and make for the shore as fast as possible, for I am sure that dark cloud over our head is full of mischief.”

"Oh, no, of nothing but a little harmless rain, against which we are prepared."

"You may think so, my lord; but I am of a different opinion. I believe we shall have a tempest, and I am so alarmed, so nervous, that I must insist on returning directly."

Lord D—— did indeed read such alarm in his wife's countenance, that he gave orders for tacking about immediately, and they were obeyed; while the rest of the company, not being so candid as he was, did not, I am convinced by their looks, attribute, as he did, Lady D——'s wish to return home to apprehensive nervousness, but to the dread of her hearing singing as fine if not finer than her own. But I imputed different motives to her conduct; and when she turned a look of anxious inquiry on me, I saw that she read in my eyes the anxious suspicions which I felt.

While we were turning round, the black cloud grew darker and darker, and Lord D—— insisted on Lady D——'s wrapping a boat-cloak round her; and as she did so, she dropped her handkerchief into the lake, which was instantly carried off by a wave, and irrecoverable almost as soon as lost.

"What shall I do? I have lost my handkerchief!" cried Lady D—— in a tone of dismay. "Lend me yours, my dear lord, to hold to my face, in case, as I feel pain there, of a return of such as I felt just now."

Lord D—— felt for his handkerchief directly; but recollected that he had left it on the shore, while assisting his lady into the boat.

"Provoking!" muttered Lady D——; and as her eye met mine, a blush of confusion passed over her pale cheek.

At this moment we were turned towards the land, and we beheld two ladies and a gentleman, the former of which were standing on the shore dressed in plaid ribbons.

"See, Rosabel, the colors of your country!" cried Lord D——

"Is Lady D—— a Scotchwoman?" cried the Swiss gentleman. "Then she would like to know her countrywomen, for those ladies are part of the Scotch family in the boat; and we must land near them, I shall beg leave to present them to her ladyship."

As he said this I turned my eyes on Lady D——, and saw her sink pale as death on the shoulder of her lord. I concluded therefore that she knew the moment of detection and discovery was now arrived; and that, whatever her story was, a meeting with those ladies would disclose it. Wherefore then was I not eager to expedite this moment? and why did I shrink from a scene that I had so long desired? for I *did* shrink from it, and I trembled with apprehension equal to that of the unfortunate Rosabel. No doubt my predominant feeling was a dread of my patron's happiness being destroyed by the discovery; but I suspect that pity, and a sort of unconscious interest which I felt in her fate, made me thus averse to what I had before desired, and while she lay nearly fainting on Lord D——'s arm, with her face hidden on his shoulder, I was contriving how I could screen her from the observation of those to whom her evident indisposition made an introduction, when we landed, entirely improper. In the mean, while the boat rapidly advanced towards the land, and the strangers were evidently awaiting its

approach. Nothing, thought I, can now save her from a public exposure, but a miracle; and an involuntary "Gracious Heaven!" escaped me. It roused Lady D—— from her mournful stupor; and raising her head, she cast on me I thought an appealing look, and a look of such woe! I felt it deeply; and approaching her I said, "Dear lady, I wish I did not see you thus."

At this moment the dark cloud discharged itself in torrents of rain, and the curious strangers were forced to run hastily away to seek shelter; and for the present I felt that Lady D—— was saved from what she dreaded. I therefore turned round to her with an expression, I believe, of great exultation in my countenance; for while in hers I read equal pleasure and triumph, I also saw in it a look of grateful kindness towards myself. The strangers had now entirely disappeared, therefore as we had reached the shore, Lady D—— felt herself secure, and declared that her faintness was entirely at an end.

"I never suspected your ladyship of being a coward," said one of the gentleman; "I thought you left such feminine weakness to inferior women."

"No one is always equally firm in mind and nerve!" she replied, blushing deeply, ashamed of being forced to feign the weakness which she felt not; for Lady D—— I well knew had no apprehensions of any kind, and I echoed the deep sigh which she heaved for her own degradation. But her danger was nearer than ever; for, as we came in sight of a sort of shed on our way, we saw the strangers at the door of it, while the Swiss gentleman exclaimed, "There they are, Lady D——; there are your countrywomen!" I immediately said, "Lady D—— is still too unwell to have them presented to her, sir," while she, scarcely conscious what she did, laid hold of my arm, and, stopping as if to take breath, turned her back on the shed.

"O that I had but a pocket-handkerchief," she exclaimed, "to hold to this aching face of mine!"

"Lend her yours, Moreton," said Lord D——. It was impossible, for mine was begrimed with snuff.

"How unfortunate! Yet what a ridiculous distress," returned Lord D——, "that in all this company I am sure there is not a handkerchief proper to be lent to a lady, as they are all snuff-takers."

Lord D—— smiled with his usual expression of internal peace as he said this.

"Alas!" thought I, "he may soon learn never to smile again, perhaps;" for I saw that, unless we could conceal Lady D——'s face, something unpleasant if not terrible must occur. Lady D——'s back was at this moment towards me, and the train of her gown which was muslin, got loose and fell on the ground. A lucky thought struck me. I took it up, and, throwing it over her head, exclaimed, "There, my lady, this will keep your ribbons from the rain, and will also serve to wrap in folds about your face, instead of a handkerchief."

"It will indeed! a thousand thanks to you!" she replied, in a faltering voice; and instantly turning round, secure from being recognized through the thick folds of the muslin, she declared herself able to proceed, and she passed fearlessly before the searching eyes of the *nouveaux arrives*; who evidently had heard of her beauty, and were eager, especially the gentleman of the party, to be presen-

ted to her by their Swiss acquaintance. But he had taken my hints, and did not offer to present any of them at so unpropitious a moment. I found that one of the ladies was the eldest sister of the Miss Buchanan who was singing in the boat, and I was certain that to these ladies Lady D—— was personally known.

When we reached our home, Lady D—— retired immediately to her own room, pleading indisposition as an excuse; and as she gave me her hand while she bade me good night, I thought she pressed it kindly, while tears stood in her beautiful eyes. But the next day she resumed her usually distant manner; and though she knew that I had discovered she had a secret, and understood the nature of her distress of the preceding day, she set me again at defiance, and would not place any confidence in me. With this consciousness returned my wish to discover her secret; and I was therefore much provoked, when, on pretence that the air of Lausanne disagreed with her, she bound Lord D—— to set off the next day towards Marseilles, thereby making a meeting with the Scotch ladies impossible. At Marseilles we were joined by the heir-at-law to my patron's titles and estates, in case he died without children. Lord D——, during the first paroxysms of his grief for the loss of his wife and son, had assured this youth that he should never marry again, but consider him as his child. It was therefore probably some mortification to find his cousin married when he arrived at Marseilles. However, as yet, Lady D—— did not seem likely to have a family, and she paid such attention to this youth, and took such pains to win his good-will, that he was not only quite reconciled to his own disappointment before he left us, but was almost in love with the cause of it. But almost as soon as he was gone, Lord D—— with infinite delight, drew from his wife a reluctant confession that he was likely to be a father; and I must declare that on this occasion I most cordially sympathized in his happiness. But, strange to say, Lady D——, so far from sharing in our joy, seemed overwhelmed with grief by the conviction that she was likely to be a mother, and her impatience under the illness incident to her situation could not be sufficiently accounted for by the usual fretfulness of disease. On the contrary, it bore the strongest marks of misery and bitter regret.

During the first months of her pregnancy she declined going out entirely; and as I insisted on Lord D——'s taking exercise, because I was convinced that it was requisite for his health, I was necessarily the companion of his lady, who, though I was sure she did not like me, preferred even my society to being left to the misery of her own thoughts. Sometimes, indeed, closely muffled up, she went with us to the theatre; but she always sat in *une loge grillee*; and, as at Paris, and in other large places, she always screened herself from view as much as possible. And considering that her beauty, wherever she allowed it to be seen, excited even loud testimonies of admiration, and that *la belle Anglaise* was followed as soon as beheld, it must be surmised that personal vanity was not amongst her weaknesses, or, if it were, it was conquered by some passion more powerful still. It is also a very decisive proof of the pure and true love Lord D—— bore her, that, satisfied with possessing her and her affection, he did not want the

gratification to his pride of displaying his treasure to the world. But, with the exception of the evenings which he passed at the theatre, we were commonly at home alone; and I, as I before said, had frequent opportunities of conversing tete-a-tete with Lady D—. I found her competent to converse on various subjects, and eager, by involving herself and me in an argument, to lose her sense of suffering in the excitements of disputation. But on some subjects we agreed; subjects too on which my suspicious nature had led me occasionally to expect she would agree with me faintly, and with evident confusion of manner. Amongst other topics, I one day started that of remarkable trials; and I had *nerve* enough to ask her if she had ever read the trial of her countrywoman, Catharine Nairn, for the murder of her husband. With great quickness, and an unembarrassed smile, she replied, "I shall, in return, ask you whether you ever read the trial of *your* countrywoman, Mary Blandy, and for murder also, even the murder of her father; for crimes are not confined to countries, my dear sir, but are free citizens of the world."

"Granted," I answered; "and I assure you I meant no national reflection when I mentioned Catharine Nairn as your ladyship's countrywoman; but I think there is stronger evidence of the guilt of the one than of the other."

"I agree with you," she calmly replied, "for I have never been able to convince myself that Miss Blandy thought the powders she administered were poison. But of Catharine Nairn's guilt, there could be no doubt; and who can wonder that a woman capable of such aggravated and shameless adultery should not scruple to add to it the crime of murder? I have always considered all the crimes as near relations, and very apt to assemble in family parties."

"True," answered I; "and such adultery as this was likely to end in the worst species of murder, that, long premeditated,—and not the result of impetuous passion and sudden impulse. Yet, after all," added I, "whether murder be premeditated or only sudden, it is nevertheless, murder, and a very great crime, even if that most powerful of passions, jealousy, excited to it."

As I said this, I fixed my eyes steadily on Lady D—, and I saw her cheek turn deadly pale, and a sort of convulsive motion agitate her upper lip. For a minute she was silent; but, recovering herself, she said in a hoarse voice, "If any thing can palliate the crime of murder, it must be jealousy, for that is of all feelings the most powerful and the most accurate; and let not those who have never experienced its influence, presume to censure the unhappy being who, in a moment of frantic jealousy, attempts the life of the offender. Nor let them dare, like the pharisee of old, secure in *untempted* innocence, to thank God that they are not like this erring fellow-creature." So saying, with a countenance stern yet sorrowful, she darted on me a look of haughty defiance, and slowly and majestically left the room, leaving me more bewildered, and certainly more *suspicious* than ever. And yet, had this evidently unhappy woman been conscious of having, in any way, and from sudden impulse hastened her husband's death, her emotion when she spoke as above would have been infinitely greater. Still I saw, that on this subject of murder from sudden impulse, she was *vulnerable*, and I knew not what to think.

By this time she had become as great an object of interest to me as Lord D—, though it was interest of a totally different sort; and the acuteness of her observation soon led her to feel the extent of the interest which she excited in me. She was always I observed, conscious of my motives, when I started particular topics, with a view as Hamlet said of his tragedy, "to catch her conscience." Sometimes I fancied she might have committed felony or forgery: and then I mentioned shoplifting as being sometimes practised by ladies, and that I had heard of ladies who were forced to leave their country, because they had forged notes to a considerable amount.

"Very possibly," she replied with a look of calm contempt; "there is no calculating on the probable obliquity of human nature."

On the subject of female chastity she was equally unperturbed; and though professing not to like Dr. Johnson on account of his illiberal prejudices against her country, she spoke in high terms of his opinion on that old and hackneyed subject; and she added, "As happiness is 'our being's end and aim,' I think that, setting aside the restraints of religion and morality, the woman who yields her honor to the dictates of passion mistakes her object, if happiness be that object; for, even supposing that her lover be constant and affectionate, she has to bear up against the world's 'dread scorn,' and utter rejection by her own sex—a consciousness under which no woman can exist with comfort and peace of mind. Therefore a woman who expects to be happy while suffering under the results of a state of guilt, is like an indigent man who gives great entertainments, and forgets that the day of payment for them must come, a day for which he is wholly unprepared and unprovided."

To this I could only reply in terms of acquiescence and approbation; and though I am far from thinking that blushes or confusion, when such a subject was started, would have been proofs of conscious incontinence in her or any woman, because the conviction of being *suspected* would alone have been sufficient to excite this emotion; I am well convinced that no woman who was not conscious of innocence could have talked so calmly, so fully, and with such apparent satisfaction, on the subject in question.

But we did not always agree so well, nor was she always as gentle in her mode of arguing. One evening the conversation happening to turn on the subject of the laws respecting women she contended that for the rights of women there was not a sufficient protection in any code of laws.

"Our Scotch laws, however," said she, "in one respect are very indulgent to us, and are properly regardful of our rights and injuries; I allude to the power granted a Scotchwoman, or even a woman resident in Scotland, to divorce her husband for infidelity."

"I am not quite aware," said I, "that this is a wise and good law; and—"

"So, sir!" interrupted Lady D— with a countenance of flame, "I suppose you are one of those beings who expect in the weaker sex, as you think proper to call us, that command of our passions which you deem it a merit in yourselves neither to have nor to affect; and while you dare to divorce us for one error, however excused by your base conduct, it is your odious selfish maxim,

"That man, the lawless libertine may rove,
Free and unquestioned through the wilds of love."

"Madam," replied I, a little confounded at her vehemence, "I am no advocate for profligacy either in man or woman; but I can quote the great authority which you yourself applied so well on the subject of female chastity, in support of my own opinion, that if a man does not insult his wife, she would be to blame to resent very highly an occasional error of this kind, in an otherwise good and affectionate husband."

"Sir," returned Lady D—, every fibre of her frame trembling with strong emotion, "this is one of the many instances of gross contradiction in morals that disgraces that illiberal writer, sir; so far am I from agreeing with you and him on this subject," (and as she said this she rose from her seat, stretching her fine throat to the utmost, while she regarded me with eyes of fire, that seemed as if they would have annihilated me if they could,) "Sir, I solemnly assure you, that I should think myself as entirely divorced from my husband by even one act of infidelity on his part, as if a legal act of separation between us had taken place."

"My dearest love," cried Lord D— smiling but terrified and amazed at her emotion, "what necessity is there for you to hold out so formidable a threat to me? There is very little chance of my incurring this severe penalty; for I am by nature constant; and till I meet with your superior in beauty and every other attraction, a most hopeless expectation, there is no danger of my being an unfaithful husband."

During this speech, emotions of the most violent kind seemed to agitate her whole frame; and when it was ended, she turned on him a look of the most mournful but touching tenderness; then stretching out her hand towards him she fell in a deep swoon into his extended arms. It was some time before she recovered her senses perfectly; and when she did, she was so ill that I insisted on having further medical advice. And the gentlemen whom we called in assured Lord D— that any agitation would in all probability occasion a premature confinement, if such an accident were not on the point of happening already. Nothing could exceed the agony with which Lord D— listened to this possible downfall of his hopes, except the calmness and apparent indifference with which his wife heard it; nay, it seemed to me that her countenance expressed *pleasure*, rather than pain. "Strange, inexplicable woman!" thought I; "and can a creature of your strong affections rejoice in the probability of having your prospect of being a mother destroyed?" But our fears proved false; and in due time Lady D—, to the great joy of her lord, was delivered of a son.

Whatever Lady D—'s feelings were before her confinement, it is very certain that maternal tenderness at first beamed in her expressive face, and lighted up her beautiful eyes, when she gazed upon her lovely boy and received him to her maternal bosom. But I perceived, after she had been a few weeks a mother, that her pleasure in her infant seemed to subside; and that while she looked on him a deep gloom gathered over her countenance, while sometimes she would clasp him to her breast with energy, as if her very being depended upon him, and the next she shrunk from him as if his birth and his existence were a disgrace and a curse to her. In short, derangement alone could, I thought, account for the strangeness of her manner towards this lovely child. But she had no other

symptoms of derangement, and I was more and more bewildered in my conjectures respecting her, when the poor infant, who had excited in me this new train of thought, was seized with convulsions, and I had soon no hope of his life. To this hour, I cannot recall without the most painful emotion the strange, undefinable and unaccountable struggles of mind and feeling exhibited by this mysterious woman. Her agonies, while she beheld the sufferings of her child, were such as the most flinty heart could not behold unmoved. Still her regret seemed to subside with his apparent pangs, and the idea that he must ultimately die, appeared to occasion her very little anguish. Just before the poor infant breathed its last on the lap of its mother, who had held it through all its struggles with exemplary firmness, spite of the most evident agony, I forced Lord D—, whose grief was terrible to behold, out of the room; and I returned unseen by Lady D—, who had sent the nurse away on some errand, just as the child ceased to exist, and the shuddering mother was convinced that she held a corpse in her arms. Never shall I forget the expression with which she gazed on it; but satisfaction was evidently the sole feeling uppermost at length; and I heard her, before she discovered me, exclaim, "Yes, its death is a blessing, not a curse; and I rejoice, for to rejoice in it is my duty." On seeing me she started, and was evidently shocked and alarmed at discovering by my countenance of wonder and inquiry that I had overheard her words; but with infinite readiness she said, "Yes, to rejoice in every dispensation of Providence is our duty, and to believe that what he thinks proper to deprive us of, would have been a curse rather than a blessing."

This, had I considered her a pious woman, I might have received as the *real* interpretation of her words; but as I had always in vain looked for in her that steady faith, that consoling piety, and that restraining sense of religion, which at once call forth support, and reward virtue, especially in women, I could only consider her words as meant to mislead me, and to conceal from me those feelings which I certainly was wholly unable to comprehend. She soon saw, by my looks and manner, that she had degraded herself in vain by this exhibition of artifice, and she hastened from me in search of her afflicted lord as soon as the nurse had taken from her the body of the infant, on whose lips she imprinted a long, long kiss, heaving a sigh as she did so, which though not perhaps occasioned by regret for its loss, was indeed the sigh of misery unbounded.

From this moment Lady D—'s manner towards me changed, and she became kind and conciliating; and when Lord D—'s grief for the child, in which she seemed to sympathise, had in a degree subsided, and he was disposed to go out as usual, she contrived to disarm me of the watchful suspicion with which I looked at and listened to her, by a seeming inclination to confide that distress to me which she saw she could not conceal; and she every now and then insinuated with a deep sigh how much she wished to have a faithful soothing, and safe friend, in whose honor she could repose that confidence which consideration for his peace forbade her to repose in her husband; and flattered by the attention she now paid me, and her seeming to regard me as a man worthy of her confidence, I lost my usual attentive watchfulness,

and became only solicitous to convince her that in me she had a sincere, trusty, and zealous friend.

Though she always persisted in wearing a deep thick veil, she was now no longer averse to take walks on some of the best promenades about Marseilles; and sometimes she condescended to walk attended only by me. One day as she was leaning on my arm, and walking with me in an unfrequented street, I observed a very beautiful effect of light on the sails of a vessel seen at a distance in the port of Marseilles, and as at the corner of the street, she threw up her veil to enable her to see it more distinctly, a gentleman turned suddenly upon us, whom I knew by his dress and appearance to be an Englishman. At sight of Lady D—, he started back with an exclamation of alarm and surprise, and at sight of him she drew down her veil, and fled with precipitation down the first turning which would she knew, lead her home the nearest way; while he as swiftly followed her. Thinking the moment was come to clear up all the mysteries that appertained to this extraordinary woman, I prepared to follow the gentleman; but not observing in my haste, a post which a man was carrying on his shoulder, I knocked my head against it with such violence, that it stretched me insensible on the earth; and when I recovered I found myself in a shop, and a man and woman chafing my temples, while Lady D— and the gentleman had both disappeared. As soon as I was recovered, or even before, I set off on my way home, and found that Lady D— had been returned some time. "Did her ladyship return alone?" said I. "Yes," was the reply; "and my lady seemed much agitated, for she had been frightened in the street."

"So! that is the turn she means to give the business is it?" said I to myself. "Well, we shall see how she contrives."

"So, Moreton," said Lord D—, coming into the parlor with his lady, "I find Rosabel has little confidence in your strength or courage, as she chose to trust to her feet, rather than your arm to defend her from a madman!"

"A madman! Was the gentleman, at sight of whom your lady fled so precipitately, a madman? I saw they knew each other, but I did not read his malady in his face."

"No, very likely not," replied Lady D— in a hurried manner, and forcing a laugh—"but it was a gentleman whom I have known many years, and who in his derangement always persecuted me with his addresses; and the surprise of seeing him at Marseilles, even though protected by you, had such an effect on me, that, as usual terror urged me to fly, and I fled the faster because I saw that he pursued me. But till I lost sight of him by taking a sudden turn that led hither, I hoped every minute to hear or see you pursuing us both, and I wondered at your want of gallantry."

I then explained why I could not pursue them; and I saw satisfaction beam in her whole countenance, at the assurance my relation gave her that I had not seen or conversed with the gentleman. But I resolved to go out the next day, and never rest till I had found this man, mad or not mad. I was therefore excessively provoked, when I found that we were going to set off in less than an hour on the road to Nice, our departure having been hastened by the terror which Lady D— had expressed (real terror I did not doubt) of meeting

this madman, as she called him, again. But my reluctance could not avail; nor dared I express it, lest its cause should be suspected; and in an hour we actually left Marseilles.

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

RANDOM GLEANINGS.

No. 1.

MARY MEADOWS—'tis a quiet simple name, Kate, is it not, and a much loved one too, as you well know; for who that had ever known Mary Meadows could help loving her name, so good she was, so kind—not you Kate, nor I, could we?

Her very name called up into the mind, green leaves, clambering vines and lowly flowers—the yellow buttercup and trembling daisy—the young white clover, 'mid beds of which she so loved to linger, and the pale blue violet, her favorite flower, all fit emblems of her fair self. Alas! too fair, too frail was she.

Remember you Kate the first time we saw her—'twas on one of those warm sunny days which sometimes come in the early spring, just as the snow leaves the ground, seeming a day stolen on in advance of the lazier summer ones—wandering it knows not whither, till it looses itself beside a snow-bank and shivering dies with the setting sun. On such a day she came to our pleasant home, an invalid, yet as I saw her while she stood gazing upon the sunset scene, through the casement, I thought I had never beheld one more lovely—her auburn hair clustered in ringlets upon her shoulders, loose and free as a poet's fancy—with one hand partially shading her eyes and the other, so transparent was it, that I could trace every blue vein coursing through it, resting on the back of the old arm chair, she was a study for an artist to have pressed upon his canvass. Yet was her form slight and delicate, while her face wore such a sad, mournful expression, and her eyes which had "caught their hues from the summer skies" were so dim with tears, that I stole away to my own room and there wept most bitterly, for they had told me she would die.

From that hour, Kate, boy as I was, I loved her, though she was a woman grown;—for her I gathered the sweetest flowers, the morning found me in the woods, plucking the early violets, stealing from the wild brier its fragrance, and robbing the orchis of its beauty—or clambering up the hill-side seeking the red ripe berries—or, on the sandy beach looking for shells and many colored pebbles, with which to greet her when she rose—and when she thanked me, my heart would beat for joy. Oh, how I cared to linger by her side, hearkening to her voice, as she would sing some plaintive melody—listening to her as she read aloud from an old book some pleasant tale, hearing her talk, or sitting silent and gazing into her face. Thus did the days glide on, and summer came, and brought its sunny hours and soft winds, and she would venture forth with me in the old woods, and many a pleasant ramble had we, many an aged tree we looked upon and sought to tell its age—wondering whether children had years ago, ever played beneath its branches, whether it had not been the favorite resort of lovers in days gone by—if the old woodsmen had

not beneath its shade taken their noon-day meal—or some weary footsore traveller had not stopped there to rest, and falling asleep had dreamt of home and loved ones—ah! pleasant were the scenes which our imagination would conjure as we sat against its moss-grown trunk. We knew in what sunny nook to look for the sweetest flowers and the greenest foliage. We found the robin's home, with its chirping young—the ground sparrow's with its mottled eggs, and the "hum bird's downy nest." We watched the squirrel and his cousin the chipmunk as they sprang from bough to bough, and tried to entice them down with bits of bread, but they were too wary and shy, so we fed the little meadow mouse instead and looked upon her blind, feeble young, or better still we sailed upon the waters, and marked the clouds pictured upon the surface, how they changed and varied as our boat passed on, now of light fantastic shape like life, and anon dark and heavy, like death—then bringing the boat up upon the beach at the foot of Mt. Merino, we would linger round the old spring and dream away the sunny hours—but she was always sad there, beside the old spring, and I grew sad too, though I knew not the reason why—and there we used to sit, and I would think and dream and wonder why it was, she was so sad, till one bright morn she told me the reason why she loved the old spring and then I knew her grief.

Would you seek to know it, Kate, would you hearken to it if I should unfold it now, this page from out her heart's hidden tome—do you wish the chords of your young heart to be loosed by sorrow—for 'tis a sad tale my Kate, and much I fear 'twill sadden you—but since fair Mary Meadows is no more, I'll tell you it.

'Twas a summer morning's dawn that I stood beside Mary Meadows, at the old spring, watching the new-born day. The mist that all night long had rested on the river's breast, broke silently away—the vapor rose from off the hills, where lightly wreathed it wept itself to sleep, moistening the flowers 'neath it. The bright dawn came slowly on like the unfolding of the drowsy lids from off the eyes of Beauty—while the clouds floating in heaven did purple and crimson with the new breathings of the day—like the young bride when from her first nuptial sleep she wakes and listens to the low whisperings of love, feels the warm blush of maiden modesty mantling her lip-pressed cheek. The morning air played in the branches of the trees, waving their boughs and rustling their leaves in pleasant talk. The willows leaning o'er the river's brink, rippled the water as their slender limbs gracefully dipped into the running stream and the tall rushes springing by the bank bent as the wind passed through them—while the sturdy oak just raised its leaves to welcome morning's coming, and the stately elm waved its young boughs to greet it. The tiny waves down low upon the beach did toss and foam and curl themselves about, linking and clasping their forms one with the other as if in their fantastic gambols seeking to show a pleasure for the coming day. On such an hour and such a morn, said she taking my hand, some three years gone, I stood on this same spot and by my side as now you stand, there stood one whom I had known from my childhood's earliest years—we had grown up together, wandered hand in hand to school, studied from the self-same book—sung the same songs, and knelt side by side within the same

village church, and now he told me how he loved me, and wooingly said, "I would you were my wife," and I gave him no answer but looked into the spring and saw our faces there reflected and then our eyes met, and then—he knew I loved him.—A blush stole o'er her brow and settled on her cheek, and she said turning to me, do you know what 'tis to love? she little thought then, Kate, how my boyish heart was beating for her—do you know what it is to feel that you are no longer alone—that there is one who cares for you, who will joy with all your joys and grieve with your griefs—upon whose arm you can lean and feel that there you need not fear—oh! 'tis well to love.—And then she turned away and wept, and when she spake again tears were in her eyes.—The next day he left me, to be gone a year ere we should wed—at first his letters came often and were full of love—but then they came less frequent and the weeks became months and by and bye they ceased altogether;—but I uttered no reproach, I spake no chiding word. My friends said he loved me not, but I felt within my heart that he was true, and still though years have passed I cannot deem him false.

From that day the blush upon her cheek grew more and more, her eyes looked brighter and her step seemed firmer than 'twas wont, and one day I found her, poring over a letter and her face was full of joy. Some said, how much better she looks, indeed she'll soon be well, but the wise ones shook their heads and said; not so, know you not that oft the fire burns brightest ere it fades away. But the time flew on, and the hours and days and weeks, became a month and then 'twas October, and we looked to see her fade with the flowers and one night, how beautiful she looked, I saw Mary Meadows for the last time. When I arose the next day, there was a murmur of voices on the stair way, a low whispering in the hall, a subdued sound of footsteps, a faint rustling of crape and robes and the holy sound of prayer came up from the room below—noiselessly I stole to her chamber door, not a sound, not a breath broke the silence, all was still as death.—I was afraid to lift the latch and passed on towards the parlor. As I opened the door, what think you Kate I saw—a wedding, and there blushing and beautiful stood, not Mary Meadows, but Mrs. Charles Milton. Those letters Kate, which I had seen her read, and thought were old ones, were real new bona fide love letters just received—of course he loved her still, and his former letters, be the blame on Uncle Sam's "gay deceivers" the mails, had never reached their destination—and so he had that very morning come and claimed her as his wife—that rustling of crape was white crape—the whisperings arose from the bridesmaids in consultation, and the holy prayer was part of the marriage service. I—I was but a boy then, and she Mrs. Mary Milton. Alas! Kate, she is a mother now, and wears caps and patronizes baby jumpers.

Thus, Kate, my story ends and when you again visit the old spring, drop a tear for the fair girl, Mary Meadows, whose trysting place it was. Or if you rather choose—give a smile to the boyish love of Barry Gray, who long since has outlived it.

October, 1847.

BARRY GRAY.

Men of genius say things the least foolish and do things the most foolish in the world.

MISCELLANY.

ON SIMPLICITY AND REFINEMENT.

It is a certain rule that wit and passion are entirely incompatible. When the affections are moved, there is no place for the imagination. The mind of man being naturally limited, it is impossible that all its faculties can operate at once; and the more any one predominates, the less room is there for the others to exert their vigour. For this reason a greater degree of simplicity is required in all compositions where men, and actions, and passions are painted, than in such as consist of reflections and observations. And, as the former species of writing is the more engaging and beautiful, one may safely, upon this account, give the preference to the extreme of simplicity above that of refinement.

We may also observe, that those compositions which we read the ofttest, and which every man of taste has got by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing surprising in the thought when divested of that elegance of expression and harmony of numbers with which it is clothed. If the merit of the composition lie in a point of wit, it may strike at first; but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is no longer affected by it. When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole; and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in Catullus, has its merit; and I am never tired with the perusal of him. It is sufficient to run over Cowley once; but Parnell, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as the first. Besides, it is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner and of dress is more engaging than that glare of paint, and airs, and apparel, which may dazzle the eye but reaches not the affections.—Terence is a modest and bashful beauty, to whom we grant everything, because he assumes nothing; and whose purity and nature make a durable though not a violent impression on us.—*Hume.*

MIRACULOUS SHOT.

THE hero of this little narrative was a Hottentot, of the name of Von Wyhk, and we give the story of his perilous and fearful shot in his own words: "It is now," said he, "more than two years since in the very place where we stand I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded: my wife was sitting in the house near the door, the children were playing about her. I was without, near the house, busied in doing something to a wagon, when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up, and laid himself quietly down in the shade upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may be well conceived, when I found the entrance barred in such a manner. Although the animal had not seen me, escape, unarmed as I was, appeared impossible. Yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a happy chance, I had set it in a corner close by the window, so that

I could reach it with my hand; for, as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my having got in; and still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring; there was no longer any time to think; I called softly to the mother not to be afraid, and invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion immediately above his eyes, which shot forth as it were sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more.

A MODERN DIALOGUE.

The following took place not long since:

Applicant—Are you in want of a laborer sir?

Gentlemen—I am.

Applicant—I'm out of work, sir, and should be glad to serve you.

Gentlemen—Are you a reformed drunkard?

Applicant—No sir, I never drank in my life.

Gentlemen—I am sorry for that; but perhaps I can do something for you yet. Were you ever in the State Prison?

Applicant—(indignantly.) No, sir, I am a very poor man, sir, but, thank God, I'm honest.

Gentlemen—(rising in a rage.) Get out of my sight, you infernal puppy! what do you mean by coming here and asking for work! I'd have you to know I'm a philanthropist, and I won't give any employment to a fellow who has never even been in a watch-house, or seen the inside of a Police Court. If you'd only stole a gridiron—but git a long about your business—you ain't even a d—d rascal!

A CURE FOR POST-BOYS.

The philanthropist, Howard, finding in traveling, that the coachmen would seldom comply with his wishes, hit upon an expedient to cure them. At the end of a stage, when the driver had been perverse, he desired the landlord to send for some poor industrious widow, or other proper object of charity, and to introduce such person and the driver together. He then paid the latter his fare, and told him, that as he had not thought proper to attend to his repeated requests as to the manner of being driven, he should not make him any present; but, to show him that he did not withhold it out of a principle of parsimony, he would give the poor person double the sum usually given to a postilion. This he did, and dismissed the parties. He had not long practised this mode, he said, before he experienced the good effects of it on all the roads where he was known.

THUS IS LIFE.

If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly and the birds will sing as sweetly to-morrow.—Business will not be suspended for a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought on our memories. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their pleasure or their work. But no one will miss us except our immediate connections, and in a short time even they will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them.

Thus shall we all now in active life pass away.

Our children crowd close behind us and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a living being can say "I remember him." We lived in another age, and did business with those who have long since slumbered in the tomb. Thus is life. How rapidly it passes! Oh! blessed are they who are held in everlasting remembrance.

WOMEN STRONGER THAN OXEN.

It is related of a certain New England divine, who flourished not many years ago, and whose matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that, one Sabbath morning while reading to his congregation the parable of the supper in Luke xiv. in which occurs this passage—"And another said I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray thee to have me excused; and another said, I have married a wife, and therefore cannot come," he suddenly paused at the end of this verse, drew off his spectacles, and looking around on his hearers, said, with emphasis—

"The fact is, brethren, one woman can draw a man farther from the kingdom of Heaven than five yoke of oxen!"

CLERGYMAN AND JOCKEY.

A CLERGYMAN who was in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was not long since at a tavern, where he observed a horse jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman by imposing a broken winded horse upon him for a sound one.—The parson knew the character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed.

"Parson, I had much rather hear you preach, than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way."

"Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been, last Sunday, you might have heard me preach."

"Where was that?" inquired the jockey.

"In the state prison," retorted the parson.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—Hein, a Dutchman, rose from a cabin-boy to be an Admiral, and was killed in an action in which he was victorious. Their Mightinesses sent a députation to condole with his mother at Delft. The old woman, paying no regard to their honors, or the honor done to him said, "I always foretold that Peter would perish like a miserable wretch, as he was. He loved nothing but rambling from one country to another, and now he has received the reward of his folly."

A PERTINENT REPLY.—It is said that a subject of the King of Prussia, a talented mechanic, being about to emigrate, was arrested and brought before his majesty. "Well, my good friend," said the king, how can we persuade you to remain in Prussia?" "Most gracious sire, only by making Prussia what America is." He was allowed to emigrate.

A LONDON visitor asked an Irish seaman belonging to the coast-guard at Hastings, if they got any prize money. "Och, indeed, yer honor, yes; but

it is sifted through a ladder, and all that falls through goes to the officers—all that sticks to the steps is left for the men."

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1847.

THE STEAMBOAT HUDSON.

This fine boat which runs from our City, to New-York, has just been thoroughly repaired, and can now compete as regards elegance and comfort, with any of the Steamers of her size on our river. Her State-rooms are as roomy and commodious and as well ventilated as those of any other steamer. We take great pleasure in recommending this truly excellent Boat, to the Traveling public and to the citizens of Hudson and its vicinity especially, as worthy and deserving of their patronage, they will find her officers and men obliging, urbane and attentive, and the boat every way calculated for their convenience.

THE GAVEL.

This monthly Magazine, devoted to Odd-Fellowship and General Literature, has been purchased by Clark W. Bryan, and removed from Albany to this city, where it is now published. It is a cheap and well-conducted Magazine, and worthy of the support of the extensive Fraternity, to whose interests it is devoted. Each number contains 32 pages, which at the close of the year, makes a handsome volume for binding. The October No. contains a beautiful steel Engraving of P. G. S. Thomas Wildey, the founder of Odd Fellowship in America. Terms \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

A. S. R. Waterbury, Vt. \$2.00; Miss L. M. Winooski Falls Vt. \$5.00; C. M. R. Cold Spring, N. Y. \$1.00; D. H. New London, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. Java Village, N. Y. \$3.00; Miss S. B. Union Square, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. S. Castleton, N. Y. \$3.00; I. C. Saccarappa, Me. \$3.00; S. J. N. Big Brook, N. Y. \$1.00; P. S. A. Hoessville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. K. Fort Covington, N. Y. \$1.00; M. R. Keeseville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. G. Greene, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Bristol, N. Y. \$3.00; H. R. Westford, N. Y. \$10.00; P. M. Allen Hill, N. Y. \$5.00; W. H. S. Penn Yan, N. Y. \$1.00; J. V. S. Claverack, N. Y. \$2.00; L. C. Copake N. Y. \$10.00; G. D. Red Hook, N. Y. \$1.00; S. E. H. Fredonia, N. Y. \$0.50; A. C. Lansingville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Rainsville, Ia. \$2.00; M. P. M. Woodburne, N. Y. \$10.00; Mrs. S. D. South Dover, N. Y. \$1.00; O. C. Owego, N. Y. \$2.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Gosman. Peter Bogardus, to Miss Mary N. Freeland, daughter of Leonard Freeland Esq. of this city.

With the above marriage we received a slice of cake, for which we return our thanks.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly joy,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all life, and love on till they die.

On the 23d ult. by Rev. Leroy Church, Mr. John C. Potts to Miss Mary Clum, all of this city.

At Pine Plains, on the 4th ult. by Rev. Wm. N. Sayre, Mr. Jacob Finkle, to Miss Sarah Halsted, both of Ancram.

At Huntington, Ct. on the 23d ult. by Rev. E. S. Porter, Mr. Wm. C. Wooster, of Chatham 4 Corners, to Miss Mary, daughter of Lucius Gilbert, of the former place.

At Chatham, by the same, on the 30th ult. Henry Mott, of West Sand Lake, Rens. Co. to Margaret Mesick, of the first named place.

In Claverack, on the 2d inst. by Rev. Mr. Nimrod, Mr. Abram Odell, to Miss Christina Vosburgh, all of the above place.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 24th ult. Sarah, wife of Theodore H. Jenkins, aged 37 years.

On the 25th ult. Sarah E. daughter of Maria Harvey, aged 10 months and 23 days.

On the 28th ult. Isaac Hodge, in his 81st year.

On the 29th ult. Anna Mend, in her 44th year.

At Philadelphia, on the 30th ult. Medona E. daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Mitchell, aged 3 years and 8 months.

In Kinderhook, on the 19th inst. Mr. Joseph Wolfe, recently from Germany.

At Stayvent, on the 21st ult. Barent Vanderpoel, Esq. in the 84th year of his age. Mr. V. was one of the oldest inhabitants of this county, and had occupied and served in a great many responsible offices of trust.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

'Tis Autumn! and the faded green
Of rustling woods delight the eye,
And o'er the far extended scene,
The pleasing shades of twilight die.
One only star has kissed the flowers,
One moonbeam shines upon the wave,
And by its light I seek the bowers,
Which hide my mother's quiet grave.

Upon her bed the blossoms spring,
Pellucid waters near her stray,
Amid those trees the linnets sing,
Or dream their midnight hours away.
The pearly dew falls sparkling there,
The violets round its margin steal,
And children, at the hour of prayer,
Beside that grave are wont to kneel.

My mother! oh, how strange appears
Thy hallowed name to lips like these,
'Tis pregnant with contrition's tears,
'Tis big with sweetest memories.

Thy love was too refined a bliss,
With life's uncertain sun to set;
Thy winning smile, thy soothing kiss,
In fairer climes await me yet.

The pictures of departed things,
Do now around me softly fly,
And strikes my harp's deserted strings,
In tones of long-lost melody.
Friends which have been, but now are not,
Come back to chide me as I weep,
As if around this sacred spot
They lingered, gentle watch to keep.

Fond mother! if a saddening spell,
Its sullen wand should o'er me wave,
If lingering like a last farewell,
I seek thy green secluded grave;
A moment leave those blissful skies,
And hastening through the fields of air,
Shed on thy child's uplifted eyes,
The holy dews of fervent prayer.

I thought not when in childhood's home,
When kindred voices mingled there,
That o'er my pilgrim path would come
Such nights of pain, such days of care.
I thought not that the light of life,
So soon would loose its sunny glow,
Nor blighted hopes, nor sickening strife,
Imprint their ensigns on my brow.

Though eyes there are that sparkle bright,
And love's pure glance in them I see—
'Tis not the sweet, the living light,
Which thine, dear mother shed on me.
When thou who formed of life a part,
To other worlds was called away,
Dark shadows gathered round my heart,
I fell to gloomy thoughts a prey.

Oh, mother could I hear thy voice,
And catch thy spirit-tones so dear,
'Twould make this aching heart rejoice,
'Twould chase away this scalding tear.
No boon remains to make amends
For blessings that expired with thee;—
Youth's sunny dreams, its many friends,
Exist as but in name to me.

I'll fondly weep, but not despair,
For mercy's voice is hovering nigh;
She listens to my contrite prayer,
She treasures up my every sigh.

And thou dear mother art not dead,
Thine image walks these shades among,
And as I sit upon thy bed,
Thou listenest to my mournful song.

Ah yes! I hear in this lone bower,
The lessons taught me at thy knee,
And feel thee still in every hour,
My guardian on life's raging sea.
I mourn not that thy soul has past,
To regions than our own more fair,
But oh, I long to breathe my last,
I sigh to join my mother there.

Sleep, Mother sleep! why should I dread,
Thy silent and sequestered rest,
Made sweeter by the stars which shed,
Their lingering beauty on thy breast.
Thou knowest how oft among these bowers,
I've spent the soothing hours of even;
How oft I've kissed these lovely flowers,
That looked with hopeful eyes to heaven.

Although my joys hung on thy breath,
I grieve not that thy race is run,
Nor would I wake thy soul from death,
Thou loved in life thou holy one;
But wilt thou not my mother dear,
In fervent supplication bend the knee,
And ask the God thou'rt always near,
To call my soul to him and thee.

Claverack, 1847.

G. H. A.

For the Rural Repository.

NIGHT.

BY ISAAC CORB.

THE king of day has left his sapphire throne,
And cast his regal robes upon the clouds.
Now gloomy night her ample curtain draws,
And shuts the fading glory from the scene;
While Cynthia presides among the stars,
And sways her sceptre o'er the silent world.

Fain would I range, at this appropriate time,
The field of thought. But lost without a guide,
I wander far in some forbidden path,
Oh Contemplation, thou mysterious power!
Direct my willing Muse. Alone I stand,
And look abroad upon the hills and groves
Now wrapped in gloom. An awful stillness reigns:
For not a sound I hear, except the note
Of watchful bird, and cricket's merry chirp.
The zephyrs that composed the flowers to rest
Scarce breathe among the trees. Oh sacred hour!
I would that nature ever were as calm,
As free from tumult and unhallowed strife;
No deadly rifle aiming to disturb
The harmony of Sylvan's chosen tribes.

Ten thousand spirits from their haunts come forth,
To guard the lowly couch of weary man,
And breathe the balmy influence around,
That brings repose. While fancy still awake,
Charmed by the touch of some angelic hand,
Soars far away, to those enchanted realms,
Where wasting care and agonizing pain
Are never known. The Poet idly roams
Through vales elysian and through fadeless bowers,
And deems he finds at last, the famed retreat,
Where Autumn's frost and melancholy winds,
The fairest flowers that bloom, may never blight.
Thus rising on imagination's wings,
Remote from halls of Bacchanalian cheer,
And happily secure from threatening harm,
Age, Youth, and Childhood, well may early seek
Their pillows and exhilarating dreams.

Oh, let man slumber on, ye heavenly powers!
And lose in sweet unconsciousness his woes.
What though the splendid palaces of pride,
Thronged with the daughters and the sons of wealth,
Resound the noise of revelry and mirth;
What though the drama draw the crowd away,
And tales of sorrow drown the eyes with tears;
Let nought disturb the sleeper. Nature seeks,
In calm repose, a respite from her toils.

Retiring from the scene the Muse admires,
Now let me to my lonely couch repair,
That slumber may refresh my weary frame,
And tranquilize my o'er excited brain;
That when Morn shall call me to my task,
Obedient to the summons I may rise,
My thoughts ascending to the great First Cause,
In gratitude for His preserving care.
Gorham, Me. 1847.

New Volume, September, 1847.

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